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MRS. KATHERINE FISK.

MRS. FISK, although born in America, is the daughter of an English father—who, however, left England at the age of sixteen—and a Scotch mother. It was at a little village in Wisconsin, of some five hundred inhabitants, Clinton Junction, that Mrs. Fisk, whose maiden name was Tanner, first saw the light. When she was still very young her family removed to Rockford, Illinois, and at Rockford College she received her early education, studying the pianoforte under Professor Hood. Shortly after graduating she married Mr. Franklin Piector Fisk, Principal of the High School of Chicago, where she took up her residence, and soon began to practise singing, though it was mainly confined at this stage to Congregational work. Under the tuition of Miss Fanny A. Root she became a member of the Apollo Club Chorus. After unremitting study during three years she made her *début* as a contralto soloist in the *Messiah* at Chicago on December 20th, 1890, when she achieved such a triumph as determined her to embrace the profession of vocalist in all seriousness. In 1892 she arrived in London and signed a three years' engagement with Mr. Daniel Mayer. That well-known concert agent, on hearing her sing, made no doubt as to the career before her, and, like every one else who has heard it, was deeply impressed by the exceptionally beautiful and natural quality of her voice. Her first performance before the English public was at St. James's Hall on November 8th, 1892, and she subsequently sang many times in the same Hall as well as at the Crystal Palace, the Albert Hall, and at Manchester. Returning to America she made several appearances at the World's Fair at Chicago, obtaining always the most distinguished successes, and now that she is back in England her style seems to have become even more refined and her tones yet more mellow. Her recital, given on November 8th of last year at the Salle Erard, will not easily be forgotten. At this concert she introduced the works of several American musicians, whose compositions gained much by her careful interpretation of them. Mrs. Fisk is an excellent French scholar, and has a considerable command of the German and Italian languages. Both Mr. Henschel and Signor Randegger have assisted her studies while in this country, the advice of the latter in oratorios proving highly valuable. This charming vocalist's compass comprises two octaves and a-half, and she has an instinctive and most pleasing versatility, being apparently equally at home in dramatic declamation and the lighter styles. As everybody knows she sang with distinction at the Gloucester Festival of last month. Mrs. Fisk is endowed with a very amiable nature, and she possesses in addition to her artistic gifts a rarely beautiful face.

CURRENT NOTES.

THE talented Sisters Eissler, who are well-known as soloists on the harp and violin, had the honour of performing before Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke and

Duchess of York, and other members of the Royal Family, at Balmoral, on September 16th. The various pieces (which included Sarasate's *Zigeunerweisen* for violin, Gounod's *Ode à Sainte Cécile* for violin, harp and piano, and some harp solos by Hasselmans) were contrived to form the interludes between the acts of *Liberty Hall*, which was played on the same evening by Mr. Alexander and his theatrical company.

THE second triennial Festival began at Cardiff on September 18th with Mr. Edgar Tinel's oratorio *St. Francis of Assisi*, conducted by the composer. This work was first performed in England by Miss Holland's Choir at the Westminster Town Hall on March 25th, 1890. But on that occasion a pianoforte, harp, and triangle took the place of the elaborate orchestral accompaniments, and under such circumstances full justice could not possibly be done to the composition. Since then it was produced by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society in March of this year. M. Tinel was born at Sinay, in Belgium, in 1854, and is a pupil of the Brussels Conservatorium. *St. Francis* has been repeatedly given in Belgium, having been heard for the first time at Brussels in 1888. It has also been performed in New York.

THE oratorio—as it is called, though it is very unlike the conventional works so designated—is divided into three parts, viz.: "Francis's Life in the World," "Francis's Monastic Life," and "The Death and Glorification of Francis." A peculiarity is that the recitative passages which are usually assigned to a solo voice are here placed in the mouths of a section of the chorus. For instance, the opening recitative, "Soft o'er Assisi falls the twilight," is entrusted to the tenors, while later on the "Celestial Voices" are represented by the female chorus. In this way, and especially by reason of the interesting and highly fanciful instrumentation, any possible tendency to tediousness is minimised, and not only so, but a distinctly dramatic and realistic character is imparted to the work. The first part depicting life at the Court, is wonderfully ingenious and unconventional. After a series of lively choruses sung by the guests, dancing commences, and some delightful measures are played by the orchestra, while the tenors interpolate remarks expressive of the pleasure they derive from the scene. Then Francis sings a heroic ballad of stirring kind, the chorus in the most natural manner expressing their feelings between the stanzas. Francis is at length left with a few companions, and strolling forth into the air he hears, for the first time, "The Voice from Heaven." His renunciation of the world follows, and with a chorus of approving angels the first part comes to a close in a deeply emotional and impressive manner.

THE second part is chiefly made up of allegorical or metaphysical matter. The Spirits of War and Hate are in conflict with those of Love and Peace. But while this kind of thing can be made intolerably dull, M. Tinel has contrived to give it a surprising vitality and interest,

principally by the ingenuity of his combinations, both in the chorus and orchestra. The third part is of an ecstatic and enthusiastic type. The funeral march once over, the music proceeds to a termination in a final chorus, "Glory to God," that is, in every sense masterly, and a veritable blaze of colour. The audience was very powerfully affected, and M. Tinel received a perfect ovation. His work may be described as of the French emotional school, chastened by great knowledge, and a fine perception of artistic fitness.

On September 19th two novelties were produced at the Cardiff Festival. The first of these was a setting of Gray's Pindaric Ode *The Bard*, of which the first lines, at any rate: "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!" are familiar to most people. Professor Villiers Stanford himself conducted this, his latest contribution to Cantata, and it received a fine interpretation from the singers and band and hearty appreciation from the audience. The Ode is handled with all the power and grasp which we are accustomed to expect from the composer, and if his score lacked the originality of M. Tinel's oratorio it was full of the scholarly individuality of Professor Stanford. The second novelty, Mr. David Jenkins's *Psalm of Life*, was not, as might have been anticipated, a new setting of Longfellow's poem, but proved to be principally based upon the Biblical Psalm cxxvii. There was little to justify its inclusion in the scheme of the Cardiff Festival beyond the fact that Mr. Jenkins is a Welshman.

THE "Silly Season" has once more brought up the oft discussed question of street music, and some very pathetic letters have appeared in the papers from "Brain-workers" and others who appear to be worried almost out of their lives by organs, German Bands, and the operations of the Salvation Army. One correspondent indignantly declares that he was forced to leave the bedside of a friend who was momentarily dying in order to drive away a fiend who was grinding out "Tarara-Boum-de-ay" under the window! This sounds very dreadful, of course, but it was merely another instance of the irony of circumstances, and it would have been nearly if not quite as bad had the disturbing element been the band of the Life Guards instead of a mere *piano-mécanique*. The subject of street music is a very difficult one. Much as one may personally dislike it, there is no doubt that thousands of humble individuals find recreation in it, and I do not see that anyone except the Revenue would be the gainer by causing itinerant musicians to be licensed—as some have suggested. As matters stand, a householder can compel these nuisances to "move on"—provided he be fortunate enough to find a policeman—but were every organ-grinder able to brandish a Government license in the face of objectors, it seems to me that the case would be considerably complicated.

THE license would have to be conditional or unconditional. If the latter, the "brain-worker" would be worse off than ever, and if conditional upon no objection being raised by the inhabitants of the street, it would be a poor sort of "license," and superfluous anyhow. For my part I think that more people are disturbed in their studies or their occupations by the strumming of pianos in the next house or the next set of chambers, than by street music; and the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, and, above all, the maddening iteration of church, chapel, and school

bells are terrible trials to the sick and nervous. Church bells in London are to my taste a more crying evil than piano organs or even the Salvation Army's atrocious racket. It is a fearful thing to live in a street where there is a church from which at stated hours with the regularity of death and taxes, comes the senseless din of a clangor bell! I say "senseless," because it will not be maintained by the devoutest churchman that people are ever attracted to church (in large towns) by the ringing of bells. And when, as constantly happens, the bells sound like so many cracked tin pots what can be the sense of the practice?

THE fact is, that church bells are a remnant of the past. They have outgrown their usefulness now that everybody has a Waterbury watch. Only at fairs do men beat gongs outside their booths in order to draw attention to their shows. When a lecture is to be delivered at the Royal Academy of Music or the Royal Institution, those who mean to be present arrive without being summoned by an alarm bell. Certain historic cathedrals and churches have ancient peals of which *connoisseurs* are justly proud. And many persons, by association of ideas, are pleasurable affected by the sound of bells, though I notice that these generally prefer to hear them *across water*, if possible, and always in the distance. But that is no reason why every Little Bethel in a crowded centre should rig up an absurd bell in the roof to the exasperation of harassed citizens, who have quite enough to put up with already in the way of noise.

IN connection with Mr. Ernest Walker's able article on "Words for Music," which appeared in THE LUTE of last May, I was much shocked the other day, on looking through the English version of the words to Vulcan's song, "*Aux bruit des lourds marteaux*," from Gounod's *Phélymon et Baucis*. The adaptation is ascribed on the cover to Mr. Joseph Bennett, the musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, who I really thought knew better than to make the vulgar mistake which occurs twice in Messrs. Ascherberg's edition. The familiar melody, at the beginning of the refrain to each verse, is designed for a double rhyme in the original French, and this of course should be imitated in the English. This is how Mr. Bennett has done it:

"But when above I visit,
The anguish is exquisite."

The effect of this when sung, as the tune demands, with a strong accent on the first beat of the bar and therefore on the *second* syllable of "exquisite" in order to make it rhyme with "visit" is enough to make the blood run cold.

A CORNISH gentleman who had procured the song and not being conversant with the French tongue, had proposed to sing it in English, abandoned his intention on being brought face to face with this appalling passage. But luckily I was subsequently at hand to smooth away his difficulty. I forgot how we cooked up the first refrain, but, on the second time of its occurrence, the couplet now reads in my friend's edition as follows:—

"When Juno Queen I visit,
She frowns and cries: 'What is it?'"

This may not be so poetical as Mr. B.'s version, but it avoids a false quantity and it rhymes. It also suits the

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context fairly well, and goes excellently to the music. I did not wish to alter the learned critic's verses more than necessary, so I let his first line stand. Of "When Juno Queen I visit" Mr. Bennett has the undivided glory. But you see that he leaves me but a limited number of rhymes, and I hope he will not tax my ingenuity so sorely again. The anguish is so exquisite—or exquisite, as he would say.

* * *

THE Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts re-commence on the 12th of this month, and during the course of the ten concerts to be given before Christmas the following artists will make their first appearances at Sydenham: Madame Medora Henson, who distinguished herself at Cardiff Festival; Miss Fanny de Boufflers, Miss Jessie Scott (vocalists); Madame Careño D'Albert (pianist); M. Achille Rivarde, and Miss Ethel Barnes (violinists). The following works which will be performed for the first time in public will be looked forward to with interest. On October 12th, two characteristic pieces for Orchestra, by Mr. J. F. Barnett. On October 19th, a Symphony in D, by Mr. Walford Davies. On November 2nd, a religious *Andante, St. Cecilia*, for Organ, Harp, Violin, and Orchestra, by Mr. C. Caudery.

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MR. EDWARD GERMAN'S new *Suite* composed for this year's Leeds Festival will be played for the first time at the Crystal Palace on October 26th. The late Mr. Goring Thomas's Cantata, *The Swan and the Skylark*, Tschaikowski's fourth Symphony, and Mr. Eugen D'Albert's overture to his Opera, *Der Rubin*, will also be heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace on November 9th, November 16th, and November 23rd respectively. In commemoration of the 125th anniversary of Beethoven's birth the programme of the tenth Concert on December 14th will be devoted entirely to that master's works. After Christmas, viz., on February 22nd, 1896, Herr Willy Burmester, the celebrated violinist, will appear, and Dr. Joachim will return in March.

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REFERRING to our biographical notice of Chevalier L. E. Bach in the September LUTE, the libretto of *Irmengarda* was in error ascribed to Sir Augustus Harris and Mr. Weatherley. These gentlemen were, however, not the authors of *Irmengarda*, but of *The Lady of Longford*, which was not repeated last season only on account of Mr. Edouard de Rezke's absence. I regret the mistake.

* * *

WE live and learn. I read in the paper called *Musical Opinion* and *Music Trade Review*: "We may mention that the orchestral work—that is, the filling in (*sic!*)—of Sullivan's operas was mostly done by Cellier (*i.e.* Alfred Cellier) who was known in the profession as 'Sullivan's devil.'" This is news to me who knew the late Mr. Cellier fairly well, though I never heard him called "Sullivan's devil." But far more important and wide-reaching is the breezy intelligence that the orchestral work of an opera is the filling of it in—whatever that may mean.

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OF course it is notorious that Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote every bar of his earlier operas, though he possibly superintended the scoring of some portions of the later

ones, when time was an object, and ill-health had to be contended with. Mr. Hamilton Clarke, I know, wrote one overture (if not more) under the composer's directions, but Sir Arthur will not be gratified to be informed that the orchestral work of his operas was "mostly done" by Cellier or by anyone else. The *Musical Opinion* man seems to think that the scoring, or what he calls the "filling in," is an entirely subsidiary business. Orchestral music, however, differs from abstract composition in about the same way as does an oil painting from a drawing in black and white. The position of the *Musical Opinion* man, if carried into pictorial art, would apparently be that, if I pencil out a rough sketch from which somebody else evolves a finished picture in colours, the credit for the painting would rest with me. The colouring or the instrumentation, is precisely the most individual and crucial part of the whole work. A mediocre idea may be rendered delightful, and a capital idea may be ruined—by its treatment.

* * *

THE lowering of the English Concert pitch as recently determined upon by the Philharmonic Society and other influential bodies, will be regarded by Mr. Sims Reeves with real, if slightly melancholy, satisfaction. We are about to inaugurate a change for which he contended more than a quarter of a century ago. In December, 1868, he addressed a letter on the subject to the editor of the *Athenaeum*, and in 1877 he declined to sing at the Handel Festival, then conducted by Sir Michael Costa, simply and solely on the ground that the pitch then (and hitherto) in vogue was deleterious to the best interests of vocalism, besides being an absurdity in face of the standard adopted by other civilized countries. If Mr. Sims Reeves's protest could have prevailed there is no doubt that his marvellous method and perfect voice would have delighted audiences far more frequently than they have during the last twenty years. But even his influence was powerless against the hide-bound conventions of the English pundits, and it is only in the evening of his life that a reform for which he contended when in his prime becomes a *fait accompli*.

* * *

WHEN one comes to think of it, it is truly marvellous that we should have gone on for so many years in our stolid insular way, forcing continental artists to strain and wreck their voices for no reason at all save the reluctance to recede from a position which we had once, however stupidly, taken up. Even at present I am afraid that England must be described as the most unmusical of European countries, but a great portion of the stigma has been removed, now that we have decided at last to adopt the French normal diapason. Let us, however, make the change once and for all, and with a good grace. Let there be no more whimperings about the expense of altering the tone of wind instruments, &c., &c. The plunge has been taken—or, more properly, we are tardily emerging from the morass in which we have been struggling too long.

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MR. W. A. PETERKIN, a baritone singer, to whom I made a passing allusion in last month's LUTE, has taken a firm hold of the audiences at the Promenade Concerts. His singing in the duet from *The Flying Dutchman*, given on the fourth Wagner night, was quite superb. Miss Winifred Ludlam, the Senta on this occasion, also deserves a meed of praise.

P. R.

MUSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

AN article recently appeared in a contemporary inveighing against the custom, prevalent in England and America, of performing songs and other vocal works in languages other than English, and demanding that we should cast aside such a superstition, and, whatever might be the loss, insist on all vocal music being sung in a tongue "understood of the people." The question is no doubt one of much interest, and one, moreover, about which much difference of opinion exists. It is quite true that in every European country but England it is the general rule to perform vocal music, from the opera down to the song, in the language of the country, and that we are practically alone in standing out, however hesitatingly and shiftingly, for the principle that the original language of a work is perhaps after all at least as well suited for its performance as a translation would be. Of course, those who agree with our contemporary have all sorts of arguments to back them up; but they chiefly seem to rely on the position that, for the due effect of any vocal music, the words must be perfectly understood by the whole audience, and that, when a foreign language is used, this result cannot be attained. They acknowledge that the music might suffer in detail, but argue that any defect in this direction would be outweighed five-fold by the increased power of appreciation in the listeners. They urge that it is largely mere conceit which prevents an English singer from giving Schubert or Schumann in English, and they look forward to opera performances in the "vulgar tongue" as forecasts of a great future. And they support this main argument by all sorts of side issues—that very few English singers can pronounce foreign languages well, that we ought not to set ourselves up above other countries, that German is an unpleasant language to sing, and so on. They quote the authority of Emerson for the statement that no sane individual wants an original when he can get a translation; and, when of a very enthusiastic turn of mind, they claim that, as English is unquestionably (to them) the one universal language of the future, any neglect of its interests by its own compatriots is altogether reprehensible.

Before considering such a position, we might, at any rate, urge the holders of such views to take up a perfectly logical attitude on the question of "the English tongue for music in England." Let us sternly refuse any longer to listen to Zerlina singing "Batti, batti," except as "Beat me, beat me"; let us have no more *Stabat Materis* or *Requiems*, except with English words perfectly devoid of any heretical associations; let us refuse to allow Mme. Calvé or the de Reszkes to appear at Covent Garden unless they will sing in English; let us have no more conductors who cannot communicate with their orchestras in fluent cockney; let us abolish all such terms as *allegro* or *andante*, and use *1* or *3* for "loud" and "soft," and "getting slower" for *ritardando*. It is curious that this last reform, to which there is really no particular objection, except from the point of view of time-honoured convenience (which may be said to have been largely broken by modern composers, both German and French), would probably be much abused by the very persons who look on calmly at the disgraceful scenes which occur not infrequently in our opera houses, when two or three languages are going on the stage at once, merely because the singers are of different nationalities, and have learnt their parts only in their own tongues. The Italian language somehow seems to be tacitly excluded by many of these Anglophils, to coin a necessary word. The

language has been traditionally associated with music for so long—through Italian opera and similar influences—that they seem to overlook the fact that for every one person in an English audience who understands Italian there are twenty who understand both French and German. No doubt, if a work is not sung in the original language, it might as well be sung in English; and on no grounds whatever can performances here of *Faust* in Italian, or of *Lohengrin* in either Italian or French, be justified. But the point we really wish to raise is whether the only real artistic solution of the question is not that every work, whatever the place of its performance, should be sung in the language in which it was originally written.

Before dealing with the positive defects of the translation-method, let us first of all strive to dispose of the objections to the principle just stated. After all, nowadays, there are not very many people who take real interest in music who do not understand at any rate a fair amount of French and German, and even some quantity of Italian. The singer must naturally know perfectly what he is singing about; but he can surely find that out without any particular difficulty, even if he is not very conversant with the language in which he is singing. Of course, it would always be advisable, under any circumstances, for good literary translations (not written to fit the music) to be inserted in the programme-book, along with the original words; and this would, we think, adequately meet the charge of non-intelligibility. Again, it is said that some languages, German particularly, are very ungrateful to sing in. English, perhaps, does not contain such extremely hard technical nuts to crack as things like "ich's schwor" (set to two extremely rapid notes in Brahms' *Entführung*), but it has masses of consonants which are nearly as bad; and those old-fashioned people who seem to think that Italian and French are the only languages worth singing forget altogether that the typical Italian and French sounds do not by any means exhaust the whole range of emotions expressible by the singing voice. Italian or French music no doubt seems, in the great majority of instances, hopelessly dull and lifeless in English or German; but the converse case is at least as true. Again, no doubt many English singers do not pronounce foreign languages perfectly; but this objection cannot, to our mind, outweigh the advantages secured by even rudimentary attempts to do so. And if, finally, the example of other countries be brought up against us, then our answer must be that it is a striking instance of the principle that out of evil good may come, that all that insular scorn of the artistic life which characterised us in the past should, by bringing over foreign artists to our shores and accustoming us to associate music with other languages, have kept alive within us, however intermittently, a truth that other nations, more musical than we are, have been inclined to forget.

And to come to the real vital point, what are the defects of the translation-system? They may fairly be all comprised in one—that such a method very largely stultifies both the music and the words. To take the latter first: anyone who has ever tried to translate poetry knows the extraordinary difficulty of preserving anything like the real essence of the original in any metrical form whatsoever, and sooner or later the translator, if the possessor of real literary taste, is forced to the conviction that a prose translation, if well done, comes nearer to the original than any in which fidelity and artistic feeling are hampered by considerations of metre. But the translator of words

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for music has not only to adopt a metrical version, he has to adopt the same rhythm as the original, and, further, he has to consider divisions of words, and similar details, so as to fit the music as closely as he can. What likelihood is there that, at the end of all this toil, much of the real poetry will be left? Nearly all literary feeling has to be abandoned in a task like this; it is nothing less than a sheer struggle to get in some words or other which are moderately grammatical, and express something more or less approximately like the original idea. Take any poem of Heine or Goethe, and try to translate it to music, and see what remains. And quite apart from the words, how does the music fare under the translation-system? Even if notes have not (as is very often the case) to be put in or left out in the agonies of dove-tailing, it is more than probable that the stress of the music will fall on unemphatic words, and *vice versa*, and that vital points in the composition may thus be perfectly nullified, not to speak of the essential differences between the general sound of different languages. And we must not confine ourselves to the maintenance of this principle in solo songs alone; it should be advocated, not only in opera, but in choral concerts as well. We must not adopt the haphazard, either Italian or French, method usually prevalent at Covent Garden, but we must have the one original language, and no other. Again, there is no reason why we should go on singing the ungrammatical nonsense of our translation of the *Creation*, or stultify works like Brahms' *Requiem* by (one example only out of many) twisting the beautiful phrasing of the music to "Selig sind die todten, die im Herren sterben," in order to fit it to "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord." All the objections we have urged hold good in choral, no less than in solo, vocal music; and the only further answer we could have would be that the difficulty of training a chorus to sing a foreign language would be very great. But we do not really know why it should be—we do not look for extreme niceties of pronunciation; and many choruses sing Latin all right, and the Bach and Richter choirs sing German occasionally. Why should they not do so habitually, and other languages as well, if necessary? If they do not already know, they can surely be told what the words mean.

It may be thought that our proposals are too extreme and uncompromising to win any general favour. To some extent, it may be acknowledged, and especially in the last suggestions of all, they are counsels of perfection. We have no disinclination to admit that the words of very many songs, cantatas, and operas are already so bad that no translation could make them worse; and we also admit that the music may fairly often, under fortunate circumstances, not undergo any particular harm by the words being rendered in another language. But in many other cases such irredeemable damage is done to either words or music, or both, that the conviction is forced home on us that at any rate in our first-class performances, and as far as possible elsewhere, we should do our best to preserve the principle of non-translation intact. After all, the advocates of the other system do not really intend to prevent foreign singers using their own languages in this country; and if their English fellow-artists see the great gain of adopting the original words of their songs, why should they not do so? They can, in revenge, sing nothing but English original songs when they go abroad. Of course, we admit that the question must ultimately come to a balance of advantages; and for our part, at any rate with great music and great words, we think the real

advantages are practically all on one side. We have only a couple of doubts remaining. Firstly, are we to demand of English singers that they shall sing other foreign languages besides German, French and Italian? It is on the whole the general rule in England to sing Grieg, for example, in German, and perhaps, considering the German publication of many of the works of non-German composers, there is something to be said for this; but, strictly logically, we should either sing them in the original (which is perhaps, though desirable, rather too extreme a request) or in English. And secondly, what are we to do in the case of words originally set to translations? We need not trouble to turn Wagner's setting of "Les deux Grenadiers" back into Heine's German, or Berlioz's "Roi de Thule" ballad in *La Damnation de Faust* back into Goethe's; but what shall we do with Schubert's setting of lyrics of Shakspere and Scott, or Schumann's of Byron and Burns? Probably we may admit the justifiability of singing them in English, on the conditions that the poet's original text is unaltered, and that the music suffers no real damage of any kind. If both of these conditions cannot be secured at once, we had far better retain the language in which the composer wrote them; however inferior the translation may be to the original, it will at any rate not be patch-work. It is paying too high a price for the right to sing them in English if either the musical or the literary essentials have to be sacrificed to do so.

ERNEST WALKER.

VARIA.

THE great attractions of the autumn musical season in England have for a long time been supplied by the two provincial festivals which are being held at this time—at Leeds, Norwich, or Birmingham, and at Gloucester, Worcester, or Hereford—not to mention that at Cardiff. The first three have always been the most important, as the conditions under which they are given are more generally advantageous than those of the Three Choirs festival, where the greater part of the music has to be selected with reference to its suitability for performance in a cathedral, with a necessarily somewhat smaller orchestra and chorus. But in some cases the works no doubt gain somewhat from ecclesiastical surroundings, and thus these smaller festivals have a certain advantage which is denied to the larger, and does something to counterbalance the rather superior prestige of the others. These festivals are probably, above all musical events in this country, those in which the average English musician feels most pride. He points to the choruses of Leeds or Birmingham as unmistakable evidences of our lofty musical position, and dwells on the excellent renderings of the works performed and the enthusiasm displayed for them, as signs that we have surely nothing to be ashamed of. Broadly speaking, this is all true enough; but many persons seem to talk as if these festivals were altogether unmixed blessings to the musical community. Of course, they no doubt fulfil many very worthy ends. They afford excellent opportunities for the production, under favourable circumstances, of new works by either British or foreign composers. They act as some check to one of the great drawbacks to the advance of musical education in England—the extreme over-centralisation of the art in London; and they serve further as a convenient rallying point for the meeting of London and provincial musicians—a sort of musical British Association meeting. But they

certainly, to our mind, share also in some of the disadvantages of such assemblies. We can pass over the fact that in some minds they encourage a sort of patriotic complacency even in the face of facts. We have indeed in the last few years secured Herr Richter for Birmingham, but the other five principal festivals are still under the leadership of conductors who have won no particular reputation in that branch of their art. And there are some real artistic disadvantages in these kinds of festivals. It is curiously suggestive that the largest audiences are almost invariably drawn by works like *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, *The Redemption*, *The Golden Legend*, which can be heard, if we like, dozens of times elsewhere. But look at the Leeds Festival with its huge guarantee fund: why cannot it take the opportunity of performing choral works which are never heard elsewhere? Why cannot it perform, for example, less known oratorios and cantatas of Handel and Bach, or, not to mention anything more, some of the more unfamiliar great choral works of Brahms, like the *Triumphlied* announced three years ago, and then unaccountably withdrawn? But instead of doing this it too often, when it does make excursions into the less known works of the standard composers, brings out a mere drawing-room cantata like Schumann's *Pilgrimage of the Rose*, and, in common with all the other festivals, pins its faith to works specially commissioned from living composers. We need not dwell on the disadvantages of the commission system; some composers seem to like having so many months and no more in which to summon up all their inspiration, but the proceeding is usually a very risky one. Of course, if a quite indefinite time is allowed, there is no possible reason why commissions should not be given, although in perhaps the majority of cases at English festivals the composers receive no remuneration whatever; but quite apart from this, the superstition about the necessary value of commissioned novelties does a great deal of harm. The festival committee which invited Brahms to write a new work for them surely received a well-deserved snub when the composer in his reply suggested that he had already written a considerable number of choral works which they might perform, and that, if absolute novelty was the chief recommendation, they must excuse him if he failed to appreciate their views. No doubt many of the works that have been specially written for these festivals have been productions of a high, sometimes a very high, order of merit; but there are others which have somehow won a transient popularity in the teeth of all artistic judgments, and many more on the other hand have been altogether still-born. Of course in the provinces the pressure of local influence is naturally strong, and quite apart from this, a composer cannot always be expected to be at his best when writing to order. But still it is a pity that the programmes of the festivals on which we chiefly pride ourselves should not be made out with as single-minded an eye to real artistic merit as possible; even from the point of view of the novelty-worshipper, novelties are no particular advantage when they are not good, and to judge from statistics, there seems to be a decided falling off in the attendances on "novelty-days" as compared with those when old favourites are performed. Of course this would very possibly also be the case at first were unfamiliar works of the great composers more frequently selected—we scarcely realise how extremely small is the proportion of concert-goers who really know anything about music—but under the present prevailing system there seems to be but slight advantage, either artistic or financial. But perhaps, after all, deficiencies of this kind are largely

inseparable from any festival scheme, just as are the drawbacks of the congested rehearsals and of the effects, on any ordinary constitution, of a continuous plethora of sound seven or eight hours a day for a week.

In this month occurs the anniversary of the birthday of Franz Liszt, perhaps, of all musicians, the one who has been at the same time most blindly worshipped and most strongly assailed. Wagner may possibly seem an even more striking illustration of this contrast; but outside men like Nietzsche and a few others, no one would now venture to deny that Wagner, whatever his faults and limitations, is one of the lastingly greatest names in music, while Liszt's position is still a subject of violent dispute. But if we wish to judge his status as a composer calmly and dispassionately, we must first of all rid ourselves of a couple of quite extraneous considerations which his devotees are always introducing. There is no doubt that Liszt was a pianist of altogether unique standing; there is no doubt also that he was personally of a character exceptionally generous and sympathetic, who always worked for his art with the most self-sacrificing zeal, and was the kindest and most warm-hearted of friends to hundreds and thousands of his struggling fellow-artists. Let us acknowledge all this in the fullest measure, but it has nothing whatever to do with his powers as a composer. There are very few of Liszt's compositions, taken as a whole, of which we can predicate any higher quality than extreme cleverness; and even this acknowledgement we may often feel inclined to refuse in listening to the aimless dulness and pretentiousness of page after page, with their alternations of unhealthy sensuousness and downright ugliness. It is, perhaps, almost too much to hope now-a-days that pianists will have the courage to shake off the superstition about his music which seems to have seized almost all of them. Of course, he produces, with unerring certainty, a sort of voluptuous splendour of effect out of the piano which no one else has ever succeeded in attaining; still, he writes for the piano far too much as an orchestra, and uses it altogether more for the personal display of the performer than for anything else. We are not speaking of his transcriptions, in which he resolves Schubert's songs or Mozart's operas, for example, into things which are enough to make the composers rise from their graves; but is there, in his original piano music, anything much more than a great deal of difficult *virtuosität*, made up in about equal quantities of vapoury *fiorituri* (with not one-thousandth part of the invention and charm of those of Chopin) and sheer smashing noise, with some fragmentary "sugary" tunes, and some aimless recitative-like passages, neither of which ever come to anything in particular? Is all this really much more than extremely brilliant, and occasionally moderately agreeable, trickery? Do we once in a hundred pages come across a really strong coherent idea, of firm, intellectual texture? The whole basis of the music consists in technical display and inferior emotional stimulus, while the intellectual needs of the artistic spirit have to go with very little satisfaction indeed. It may be said that Wagner also makes great demands on emotional effects. No doubt, but there is a real basis to the music of all the passion and languor of *Tristan* or *Die Walküre*; whatever we may think of the value of these particular emotions, their expression is at any rate throbbing with life-blood—it is something we can grasp—whereas the emotions of Liszt's music are mere pretentious phantasms. It is not that we condemn his larger works—his symphonies, symphonic poems, concertos—because they do not follow the old

forms; the metame... is that with their well orch... their inter... "just so choke a travagan... often spe... painting, and woven a... that to with the Rhapsod... about th... writing... position... works o... nonsens... the height... occasion... striking... a power... has at a... or Gou... curious... sensuous... appear... tenth... very m... MU... **... Public... commu... take p... 18th d... Soc... Exam... have ... same ... large... will r... singing... but na... and v... will b... Lists... and f... to ea... From... two... Han... —So... Chop... the... secti... "pas... gran... pass... for s... prov... in t...

forms; they have forms of their own, based usually on the metamorphoses of a few slight phrases, the development of which is often interesting. But the real objection is that there are very few ideas in them commensurate with their structure; the works are invariably extremely well orchestrated and often clever to the last degree, but their intellectual content is, like Beatrice's good temper, "just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal." Even where Liszt is least extravagant, as in his songs, really beautiful phrases are often spoiled by his persistent desires after close word-painting, which leads him into pure fragmentary declamation, and under very rare circumstances is the texture woven at all closely enough. It is a curious irony of fate that to many persons his name is associated most of all with the fine spirited national tunes of the Hungarian Rhapsodies, while a simple straightforward melody was about the last thing in the world that he was capable of writing. It is a hard thing to say of a man who, outside composition, did so much for music; but really there are some works of Liszt to which hardly any description than sheer nonsense seems applicable. Still, of course, it would be the height of unfairness to deny that we do find in him occasionally—too occasionally, unfortunately—real striking felicities of thought and expression, which show a power of really fine invention; and probably his music has at any rate as much vitality in it as that of Rubinstein or Gounod, the latter of whom Liszt in some ways curiously resembles in his combination of mysticism and sensuousness. But for one for whom his devotees apparently claim one of the highest places in nineteenth century music, this is, we are afraid, not saying very much.

E. W.

MUSIC IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

* * * In view of the musical influence of Colleges and Public and High Schools, we shall be glad to receive communications respecting any musical events that may take place. Such notices, however, should reach us by the 18th day of the month.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The regulations for the Practical Examinations in Instrumental and Vocal Music for 1896 have just been issued. The examination will be in the same hands as last June, but the scheme has been very largely remodelled, though the sight-reading and ear tests will remain as before. The list of composers for the singing candidates has been altered so as to include none but names of the first rank; and with regard to the piano and violin, the plans have been altogether changed. There will be four standards, from "easy" up to "very difficult." Lists of pieces are appended to show the class of music; and from these a further selection will be made and sent to each candidate six weeks previous to the examination. From this selected list the piano candidate must select two pieces (one compulsorily from section A—Bach, Handel, or Scarlatti; and one from either of the sections B—Sonatas of Mozart or Beethoven—or C—lyric music of Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Schubert, etc., etc.) and the violin candidate three pieces, one from each of the sections. The certificates will be endorsed "passed" or "passed with distinction," and candidates will not be granted a certificate for a lower standard if they fail to pass that for which they enter their names. Candidates for singing and organ, and other instruments not specially provided for, need only prepare one piece, and there will, in these cases, be no "standards"; but certificates of

"passed" or "passed with distinction" will be given, and the Society's bronze medal will be awarded to candidates of exceptional merit as well as to those piano and violin candidates who pass the fourth or highest standard with distinction.

* * *

OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—At the end of the summer term, a concert was held, under Mr. John Farmer's direction, in Balliol Hall, by permission of the Master and Fellows. An excellent selection of part and unison-songs was rendered, including examples by Purcell, Arne (two of each), Hook, Pergolesi, and Miss A. E. Horrocks, as well as several numbers from the collection of old children's songs collected by Mr. Farmer, under the title of "Dulce Domum," and his own setting of Browning's "Thronging through the cloud-rift." The instrumental selections included piano and violin works of Bach, Svendsen, Jensen, Chopin, and Raff, the last two being especially well performed.

* * *

CASTERTON CLERGY DAUGHTERS' SCHOOL.—The programme of the concert held, under Mr. J. Farmer's direction, at the prize-giving at the end of the summer term, included various choral numbers by Lachner, E. German, and the conductor, as well as a Suite for violin trio, and violin and piano solos by Beethoven (the "Sonata Pathétique"), Schumann, and others.

DOINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

* * * To obviate any interesting event in the Suburbs or Provinces escaping attention, we shall be glad to receive communications from local correspondents. These, however, must reach us before the 18th day of the month.

GLASGOW.—The musical season in Glasgow promises to be a heavy one—as yet everything is in prospective. The Choral and Orchestral Union have just issued their prospectus, which will extend over a period of sixteen weeks, from Monday, November 4th, till Saturday, 22nd February, 1896, and will include ten orchestral and four choral concerts, and also ten popular orchestral concerts, in St. Andrew's Hall. There will also be a series of four chamber concerts to be given in the Burgh Hall, Hillhead. The new choral works to be given will be Saint-Saëns' sacred opera *Samson and Delilah*, and a selection from *Parsifal*. Dvôrak's *Spectre's Bride* will be repeated, and there will be a Mendelssohn night and a Handel night, &c., &c. Mr. Bradley, will, of course conduct the choral concerts, and Mr. W. Kes, from Amsterdam, will be the new conductor of the orchestral series.—The attendance at the organ recitals in the Cathedral is still very large and must be gratifying to the directors and to Dr. Peace, whose programmes range from Bach to Guilmant, as in all schools Dr. Peace is equally at home. Some of the Associations are beginning their winter practice, and the choirs are busy rehearsing anthems for Harvest-Thanksgivings—"Sing to the Lord of the Harvest," "Barnby"; "Great and Marvellous," "Bridge"; "Praise the Lord," Watson; "Ye shall dwell in the Land," Stainer, are among the favourites.—Durward Lely, Georgina Burns, and Leslie Croft are filling the subsidiary parts in *Rob Roy* at the Princess' Theatre to crowded houses, and doing their best to transform our national drama into a ballad opera. The posters render scant justice to Mr. John Clyde, who plays the title rôle magnificently.—The concert arrangements for the season of Messrs. Paterson,

Sons, and Co., include Madame Albani, Dr. Richter and his orchestra, Mr. Edward Lloyd, M. De Greef (the Belgian pianist), the Meister Glee Singers, Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lely, Sarasate, Stavenhagen, George Grossmith, &c., &c.—Messrs. Ward & Co. have the Harrison Ballad Concerts to superintend, the scheme of which includes Madame Patti and other minor stars.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—At Olympia the Royal Blue Hungarian Band completed a short engagement on Saturday, 14th September. The attendance was not so good as desired, nor as might have been expected after the enthusiasm attending the visits of the Csikos Hungarian Band.—Miss Ethel Wilson, Licentiate of the R.A.M., is announced to give an Invitation Concert in the New Assembly Rooms on the 20th. She will be assisted by her sisters, the Misses Wilson, and Miss Philippa Verdi, vocalist.—For the coming season Mr. Percy Harrison, of Birmingham, in conjunction with Messrs. Hirschmann and Co., has announced four high-class concerts. The artists promised are: Vocalists—Madame Patti, Mlle. Nikita, Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Thudichum, Madame Belle Colle, Miss Clara Butt, Madame Alice Gomez, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Jack Robertson, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Santley, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Douglas Powell, Signor Foli, The Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, The Meister Glee Singers; Pianists announced are Mr. Frederic Dawson, Miss Pauline St. Angelo, Mlle. Madeleine Ten Have and Mlle. Chaminade; Solo Violinists—Miss Marianne Eissler, Miss Ethel Barns and Miss Angela Vanbrugh; Solo 'cello—Herr David Popper; Solo harp—Miss Clara Eissler; Conductors—Messrs. Wilhelm Ganz, Watkis, Speaight, and Mme. Hast. With such an array of talent, considerable interest should be created in music in this otherwise important city.—The Fourth Annual Choir Festival of the Rural Deaneries of Morpeth and Rothbury, was held in All Saints, Rothbury, on Thursday, September 12th. Choirs from the neighbouring parishes united, making a choir of about 100 voices. Mr. F. H. Burstable, F.C.O., Organist of Liverpool Cathedral, presided at the organ, and the Rev. C. E. B. Bell, Vicar of Netherwitton, conducted. The work selected for performance was Farmer's oratorio *Christ and His Soldiers*. The soloists were: Miss Nelson, an Australian soprano; the Rev. C. E. B. Bell, tenor; and Mr. W. T. Curry, bass. The service was entirely successful.—On Saturday, September 14th, at the invitation of Lady Hastings, the Seaton Deleval Choral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. J. Stoker, gave a successful concert in the Seaton Deleval Hall.

LIVERPOOL.—October will see the concert season here in full swing. The Philharmonic Society began their chorus rehearsals on the 9th September, and their first concert is fixed for October 8th, with Miss Macintyre as vocalist, and Mr. Leonard Borwick as pianist.—The first smoking concert of the Liverpool Orchestral Society is arranged for October 19th, the works set down for performance being Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Siegfried Idyll, Wagner; and Orchestral Suite, E. German.—The programme of the Liverpool Sunday Society is attractive reading. They commence operations on October 13th. Instead of a concert and lecture on alternate Sundays as heretofore, a concert and a lecture has been arranged for each Sunday, the former in St. George's Hall, and the latter in the Picton Lecture Hall. The permanent orchestra has been increased to seventy performers and the principal artists include some of the best known names in Metropolitan and Provincial circles. Altogether a most enjoyable and instructive session may be looked for.

SOME FOREIGN ITEMS.

A SHORT time ago it was announced that Herr Eugen d'Albert had been appointed Kapellmeister at Weimar, and that at the same time Herr Stavenhagen had accepted a kind of additional conductorship at the Hof-Theater. As was only to be expected, this species of dual control has been found impossible of practical application, and as the question of precedence could not be satisfactorily settled, Herr d'Albert has tendered his resignation, which has, after much negotiation, been reluctantly accepted by the authorities. Music at Weimar will undoubtedly be the loser, but the musical directors of the town have only themselves to thank if they imagined that any such arrangement could subsist for a month.

HERR NIKISCH, whose concerts in London during the past season met with so striking a success, is announced to conduct the famous Philharmonic Concerts at Berlin during the coming winter season, lasting from October till March. Among the performers about to appear are included Brahms, D'Albert, Paderewski, Sarasate, Burmester, Frederic Lamond, Leopold Auer, and Josef Hofmann.

HERR NIKISCH has also accepted the important post of conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, vacated by the resignation, owing to advancing years, of Herr Carl Reinecke.

The Berlin Opera House is at present undergoing considerable structural alterations, partly for the purpose of greater security in case of accidents, and partly to secure improved acoustical results. The orchestra will be lowered below the level of the auditorium, after the Baireuth model, which is winning general acceptance outside its original home.

MESSRS. BREITKOPF AND HÄRTEL have just brought to a completion their great collection of Volkslieder, entitled "Deutscher Liederhort," containing more than three thousand German folk-songs gathered by the late Herr Johann Erk, and edited after his death by Herr Böhme, under the patronage of the Government of Saxony. A large number of beautiful melodies, discovered by Herr Erk's indefatigable zeal, have thus seen the light for the first time.

A VERY singular opera by Signor Ferri, of Cremona, will shortly be produced at the La Scala Theatre of Milan. It is entitled *Chopin*, and the hero and heroine of the work are the composer and Mme. George Sand.

THE German painter, Herr Friedrich Bodenmüller, is at present exhibiting at Munich three pictures which he intends to be in some occult way illustrative of the three movements of Beethoven's C sharp minor sonata—a sort of counter-demonstration, perhaps, to the symphonic poems and fantasias on pictures affected by a certain class of composers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office of the PUBLISHERS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, W., not later than the 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month current.



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Isaiah

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"LUTE." N^o 154.

Also published separately. PRICE 3d

"SING, O HEAVENS."

Anthem

Isaiah XVIX, 13, 14.
" L, 7, 18, 30.

(For Christmas and General Use)

COLDHAM HALL.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS, 44, GT MARLBOROUGH ST, W.

The musical score consists of six staves. The top staff is for the ORGAN, marked "Gt Org. Diaps". The second staff is for the TENOR. The third staff is for the BASS. The fourth staff is for the CHORUS (Ch.). The fifth and sixth staves are for the EARTH, which includes both singing and instrumental parts. The music is in common time, with various dynamics like *mf*, *p*, and *f*. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, such as "Sing, O heavens, and be joy-ful, O Ch." and "earth; break forth in - to singing, O moun - - tains: Sing, O heavens, and be". The score is divided into sections by vertical bar lines and measures.

Sing, O heavens; and be joy - ful O earth; break forth in - to sing-ing, O

Sing, O heavens; and be joy - ful O earth; break forth in - to sing-ing, O

Sing, O heavens; and be joy - ful O earth; break forth in - to sing-ing, O

Sing, O heavens; and be joy - ful O earth; break forth in - to sing-ing, O

Gt. Org:

moun - - tains: Sing, O heavens, and be joy - ful O earth;

moun - - tains: Sing, O heavens, and be joy - ful O earth;

moun - - tains: Sing, O heavens, and be joy - ful O earth;

moun - - tains: Sing, O heavens, and be joy - ful O earth;

Sing sing and be joy - - ful.

Sing sing be joy - - ful.

Sing sing and be joy - - ful.

Sing sing be joy - - ful.

Sw:



Moderato.

Solo, or all the Tenors.



p

Ch.: *Moderato.*

flict-ed. The Lord hath com-forted His peo-ple, He will have mer- cy on His af-

Semi Chorus.

The Lord hath com-forted His peo-ple, He will have mer- cy on His af-

The Lord hath com-forted His peo-ple, He will have mer- cy on His af-

flict-ed. The Lord hath com-forted His peo-ple, He will have mer-

The Lord hath com-forted His peo-ple, He will have mer- cy on His af-

flicted. The Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo-ple, He will have mer-cy on His af-
flicted. mer - - cy, mer - - cy, mer - - cy on His af-
cy. The Lord hath com-fort-ed His peo-ple, He will have mer-cy on His af-
flicted. mer - - cy, mer - - cy, mer - - cy on His af-
Sw:

Chorus.

mf flicted. Sing, sing, sing, O heavens; Sing, sing, sing, O heavens;
flicted. Sing, sing, sing, O heavens; Sing, sing, sing, O heavens;
flicted. Sing, sing, sing, O heavens; Sing, sing, sing, O heavens;
flicted. Sing, sing, sing, O heavens; Sing, sing, sing, O heavens;

ff Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, break forth in-to singing, O moun-tains;
ff Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, break forth in-to singing, O moun-tains;
ff Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, break forth in-to singing, O moun-tains;
ff Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, break forth in-to singing, O moun-tains;

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, Sing, Sing, and be joyful.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, Sing, Sing, be joyful.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, Sing, Sing, and be joyful.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth, Sing, Sing, be joyful. Sing, O

Sing, O heavens; Sing, O heavhs; sing, O heavens; sing and be joy - ful. *rall.*

Sing, O heavens; Sing, O heavhs; sing, O heavens; sing and be joy - ful. *rall.*

Sing, O heavens; Sing, O heavhs; sing, O heavens; sing and be joy - ful. *rall.*

heavens; and be joyful O earth sing, O heavens; sing and be joyful.

Tenor Solo.

Let not Sion say, the Lord hath forsaken me, and the Lord hath forgotten me. Re...

Ch:

turn un-to your Lord, and He will have mer-cy up - on you; and to your
Man: *Ped.*

God, for He will a-bundant - ly par-don. Re-turn un-to your Lord, and
Ped.

He will have mercy up - on you; and to your God, for He will a-bundant - ly
Man:

par-don. Re-turn, Re-turn, and
Ped. *Man:*

He will have mer-cy, He will have mer-cy up - on you. *ppp*
L.H. *Voice Celeste*
Ped.

Chorus.

With Spirit.

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious un - to you, and
 Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious un - to you, and
 Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious un - to you,
 Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious un - to you,

With Spirit.

Ped

therefore will He be ex - alt - ed ther-fore will He be ex - alt - ed, that
 therefore will He be ex - alt - ed ther-fore will He be ex - alt - ed, that
 therefore will He be ex - alt - ed ther-fore will He be ex - alt - ed, that
 therefore will He be ex - alt - ed be ex - alt - ed, that

He may be gracious un - to you:

He may be gracious un - to you: for the

He may be gracious un - to you: for the Lord is a God of

He may be gracious un - to you: for the Lord is a God of judge - ment, of

ff

the Lord is a God of judgement:

the Lord is a God of judgement: of judgement:

Lord is a God of judgement: the Lord is a God of judgement:

judge - - - ment: the Lord is a God of judgement:

f

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious

Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious

Sw: *Gt:*

ff

un - to you, and therefore will He be ex - alt - ed, therefore will He be ex -

un - to you, and therefore will He be ex - alt - ed, therefore will He be ex -

un - to you, therefore will He be ex - alt - ed, therefore will He be ex -

un - to you, therefore will He be ex - alt - ed, be ex -



Faster

- alt - ed, that He may be gracious un - to you. Al - le - lu - jah. A - .

Faster

- alt - ed, that He may be gracious un - to you. Al - le - lu - jah. A - .

Faster

- alt - ed, that He may be gracious un - to you. Al - le - lu - .

Faster

- alt - ed, that He may be gracious un - to you. Al - le - lu - .

Faster

men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

jah. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

jah. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

A - - men. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

A - - men. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

A - - men. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

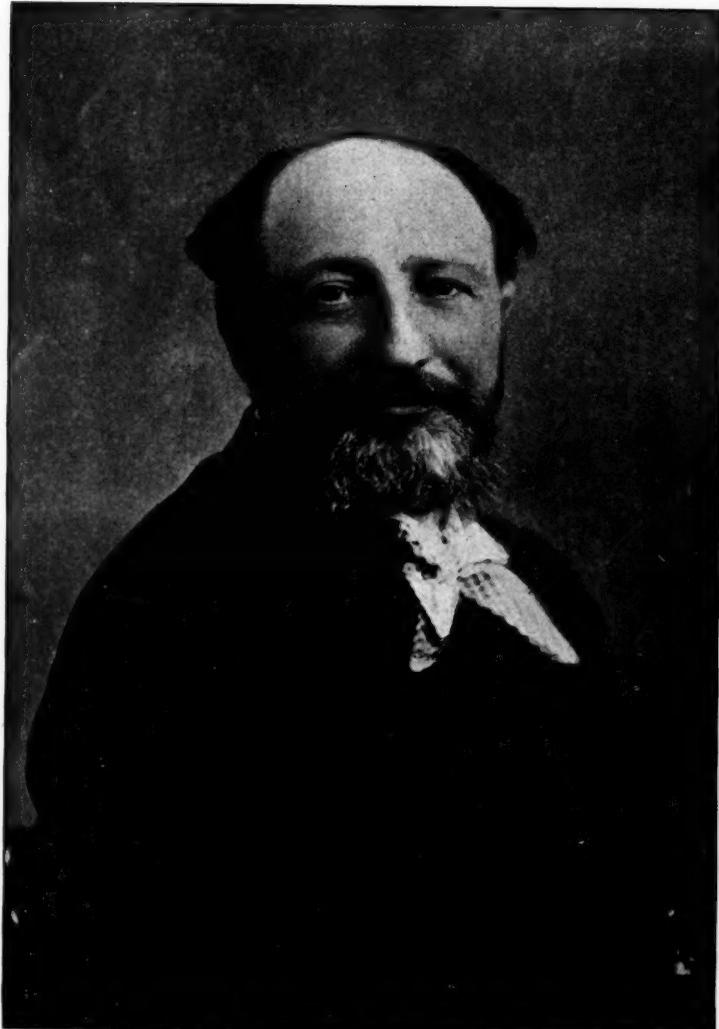
A - - men. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.

ff

A - - men. A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah. A - - men.







MR. G. JACOBI.